

PS 593

L8C3

PS 593

.L8 C3

Copy 1

SONGS

FOR

Intermediate Grades



SAN JOSE STATE NORMAL SCHOOL

SONGS

FOR

Intermediate Grades

*California State College,
San Jose*



CALIFORNIA
STATE PRINTING OFFICE
1916

T9593
L8C3

D. of D.
DEC 14 1916

21

240, pt. 10-17.

SPRING BLOSSOMS.

LEAFLET XV.

I.

There is no time so sweet as spring, When nature dons her best;
Dispell'd is gloom, when bud and bloom Awake from winter's rest.
The birds again their carols sing Within the vernal trees,
And violets rise with purple eyes To greet the gentle breeze.

CHORUS:

Springtime, sweet springtime, We love these joyous hours,
And gaily roam o'er hill and vale, Among the fragrant flow'rs.

II.

Oh, spring is sweet, for ev'ry flow'r Glows gaily in the sun,
And in the air it breathes a prayer, For hours so sweet begun;
No longer reigns the frost and snow, Soft summer now is nigh;
The buds of spring the tidings bring, That wintry days must die.

CHORUS:

III.

O'er hill and dale the herald roves With flowerets in his hand,
And casts away the blossoms gay To deck the waking land.
Oh, spring is sweet, for ev'ry flow'r Glows gaily in the sun;
And in the air it breathes a prayer, For hours so sweet begun.

THE TIME OF THE SINGING OF BIRDS.

I.

The time of the singing of birds is come,
The trees are robed in green;
The flow'rs unfold their tints of gold,
And the fair pink may be seen;
O'er all the land doth a promise lie,
The herald of Summer's reign;
At the golden beat of her flying feet
The old Earth smiles again.

II.

Away in wood-lands wide and deep
The shadowy grass bends low,
Before winds that creep where daisies sleep,
And the dainty wind-flow'rs blow.
And deep in the heart of the dim old woods
The sun-beams fair have strayed;
Like shafts of light they have pierced the night
By the arching branches made.

III.

But not over meadow and wood alone
Doth their spell of beauty steal;
There are human hearts whose bitter smarts
Its smile hath power to heal.
The time of the singing of birds is come,
And we pause in our weary way,
While the sad hearts thrill and the sad eyes fill
At the breath of the scented May.

CALIFORNIA BESIDE THE RESTLESS SEA.

LEAFLET XVI.

In dear old California, The state we all love best,
Where grows the golden poppy, The flow'r of the Golden West;
Where songbirds gaily singing, All nature seems in tune,
And the fragrant orange blossoms Fill the air with sweet perfume.
My tho'ts are ever turning, My heart is ever yearning,
For dear old California Beside the restless sea;
On high the snow-capped mountains, Below the valleys green;
No grander place in all the world— More peaceful and serene.

CHORUS:

California, Golden State, golden sunsets, Golden Gate,
Land of sunshine, fruit and flowers,
Where we spend life's golden hours.
Land of health and beauty fair, Home of dear old grizzly bear,
We are ever true to thee,
California, beside the restless sea.

Methinks I see in fancy, The days of the Pioneers,
When first they turned their footsteps Toward the land we love so dear,
With slowly moving oxen And prairie schooners, too,
With naught to guide them but the stars And Heaven's eternal blue.
They came o'er snowy mountains, And o'er the burning plain,
Where many, many dear ones By the Indians were slain;
They immigrated westward, Where shady palm trees grow,
And built their little settlements, So many years ago.

BLOSSOM BELLS.

SUNDAY SCHOOL, SERIES No. I.

Over hill and valley ring the blossom bells,
On the breezes wafted how their gladness tells;
Summer days have come at last their ringing tells,
Ring, oh ring, ye blossom bells!

Blossom bells, ring, oh ring!
Join the chorus with the birds that sing;
Let your chime sweetly tell
Of the joy that fills each blossom bell,
Winter's gloom now is past,
Summertime is come with joy at last,
Blossom bells, ring your praise
On this happy day of days!

Swinging, softly swinging in the sunlit air,
How their cheerful music echoes everywhere;
Welcome is the message which to us their bear,
Ring, oh ring, ye blossom bells!

WELCOME SWEET SPRING.

SCHOOL SONG BOOK.

Welcome, sweet Springtime, We greet thee in song,
Murmurs of gladness fall on the ear,
Voices long hush'd now their full notes prolong,
Echoing far and near.
Sunshine now wakes all the flowerets from sleep,
Joy-giving incense floats on the air;
Snowdrop and primrose both timidly peep, Hailing the glad new year. Bestowing.
Balmy and life-breathing breezes are blowing, Swiftly to nature new vigor
Ah, how my heart beats with rapture anew,
As earth's fairest beauties again meet my view.
Sing then ye birds, raise your voices on high;
Flowerets awake ye, burst into bloom.
Springtime is come and sweet Summer is nigh.
Sing, then, ye birds, O sing!

Welcome, sweet Springtime. What joy now is ours,
Winter has fled to far distant climes,
Flora thy presence awaits in the bowers,
Longing for thy commands.
Brooklets are whisp'ring as onward they flow,
Songs of delight at thy glad return,
Boundless the wealth thou in love dost bestow, Ever with lavish hands.
How nature loves thee, each glad voice disclose;
Herald thou art of the time of the roses.
Ah, how my heart beats with rapture anew,
As earth's fairest beauties again meet my view.
Sing then ye birds, raise your voices on high;
Flowerets awake ye, burst into bloom;
Springtime is come and sweet Summer is nigh.
Sing, then, ye birds, O sing!

THE YEAR'S AT THE SPRING.

LAUREL MUSIC READER.

The year's at the spring,
And day's at the morn,
Morning's at seven,
The hillside's dew pearled;
The lark's on the wing,
The snail's on the thorn,
God's in his heaven,
All's right with the world.

BIRD OF THE AZURE WING.

EDUCATIONAL.

Bird of the azure wing, Come, for it is the spring, And high the white clouds float ;
Come, bluebird, come, Come, bluebird, come.
Bird of the circling flight, Softly the winds of night, And lonely waters cry,
Come, swallow, come, Come, swallow, come.

Bird of the silver note,
Come, it is the spring, and high the white clouds float,
Come, bluebird, come, Come, bluebird, come.

Bird of the twilight sky,
Softly the winds of night, And lonely waters cry,
Come, swallow, come, come, Come, swallow, come.

SWEET SPRING IS HERE.

ELEANOR SMITH.

Sweet spring is here, sweet spring is here !
All gloom he'll quickly banish.
With tender green he decks each tree,
Fair flow'rs he calls to vale and lea,
And winter drear shall vanish,
And winter drear shall vanish !
Sweet spring is here, sweet spring is here !
Sweet spring, Glad spring is here !

Sweet spring is here, sweet spring is here !
Restor'd he bringeth hither,
The birdling's songs, the sun's bright smile,
The bloom, that winter's hand awhile
So ruthlessly did wither,
So ruthlessly did wither !
Sweet spring is here, sweet spring is here !
Sweet spring, Glad spring is here !

Sweet spring is here, sweet spring is here !
The joyous lark is singing,
Of life new-born, of earth so fair ;
In thrilling praise he mounts the air,
His bright course heav'nward winging,
His bright course heav'nward winging,
Sweet spring is here, sweet spring is here !
Sweet spring, Glad spring is here !

SPRING SONG.

TEACHER'S EDITION.

List to the bluebird, Over the meadows winging,
Message of happiness to the earth 'tis bringing;
Joy bells are ringing, caroling, swinging,
Vanished is every sadness: List to the bluebird,
O'er the meadows winging,
Message of gladness to the earth 'tis bringing.

See the bright sunbeams, O'er the glad world glancing,
Swiftly and joyfully capering and dancing;
Leap to the measure, Join in this pleasure,
Winter's long reign is ending:
See the glad sunbeams, O'er the wide world glancing,
Swiftly descending, capering and dancing.

DAYS OF SPRING.

TEACHER'S EDITION.

Out among the daffodils,
In the happy spring,
Running up and down the hills,
While the robins sing.

Out among the buttercups,
In the merry May,
Never once stops
All the livelong day.

Laughing just for very glee,
Glad at everything,
Days sweet as days can be
In the happy Spring.

A LITTLE ROBIN.

SUPPLEMENTARY SONG SERIES No. 3.

A little robin, sweetly singing, Came to my window, on a Christmas day;
And from her little throat came ringing, A most melodious lay.
"Wake, ye sleepers, on this joyous morning," Thus the songster seemed to sing;
"Herald it from gray dawning, Let your voices ring."

SPRINGTIME.

INTERMEDIATE.

Coming from over the mountains, The forests and hills,
Filling the rivers and fountains, The brooklets and rills.

CHORUS :

Hail, lovely Summer, With sunshine and shower,
Thou bringest the seedtime, The bud and the flow'r.

Meadows and fields now are wearing, Their mantle of green,
Fruit trees their sweet blossoms bearing, In beauty are seen.

CHORUS :

Birds in the greenwood are singing, In songs sweet and clear,
Nature's soft voices are ringing, The springtime is here.

GOOD MORNING.

INTERMEDIATE.

The rosy, rosy morning,
Breaks in the eastern sky,
With golden light adorning,
The hill tops far and nigh,
The hill tops far and nigh.

Come when the morning breaketh
O'er all the earth along;
Come when all nature waketh,
And sing our morning song,
And sing our morning song.
Good morning!

LILY BELLS RING.

LEAFLET No. II.

I.

The lily bells ring in the garden fair, To and fro, soft and low,
The violets peep from the grass to share The joy that the bluebirds know.
Swing, swing, lily bells, swing, Whispering softly, the winter is past,
Ring, ring, joyfully ring, Glorious Springtime has come at last.

II.

The buttercups stand in their robes of gold, Bright and gay, bright and gay,
The white clover treasures of honey hold, And welcome the happy day.
Swing, swing, lily bells, swing, Whispering softly, the winter is past,
Ring, ring, joyfully ring, Glorious Springtime has come at last.

III.

The children of spring, with their fragrant breath, Bud and flow'rs, hour by hour,
Repeat the glad message, there is no death, For life is the only pow'r.
Swing, swing, lily bells, swing, Whispering softly, the winter is past,
Ring, ring, joyfully ring, Glorious Springtime has come at last.

SUMMER IS HERE.

ELEANOR SMITH.

I.

Ev'ry golden morning,
Her locks with jewels adorning,
Shows the glory near;
Thrush and lark proclaim it,
Happy children sing it,
"Summer, lovely summer's here."

II.

Summer sets a-dancing,
Fills with joy entrancing
Children, birds, and flowers;
Skips the kid on the mountain,
Darts the fish in fountain,
Blossoms spring thro' sunny hours.

III.

Children, let's be merry,
To the meadow, hurry,
Dancing and skipping like these.
Orchards yield us their cherries,
Woodlands give us berries,
Robins, music, and shade trees.

WELCOME TO MORNING.

LAUREL WREATH.

I.

The sun is rising o'er the ocean, The smiling waters greet the day,
And joyous winds to dancing motion, Wake the billows of the bay.
See where the clouds roll up the mountains; Night has her misty banner furled;
And, springing from a thousand fountains, Light and joy o'erflow the world.

CHORUS:

Sunbeams of splendor the world are adorning,
Join in the chorus the earth and ocean sing.
Welcome the glory, the sunlight, the morning,
And make the joyous, joyous echoes ring.

II.

The birds flit o'er the dewy meadows, Or carol sweet in branches high
While down the vales the frightened shadows Hasten from the dawn to day;
Rocked on the water's placid bosom, Purely the water lilies gleam,
While willow branch and bending blossom, Bid good morrow to the stream.

III.

Oh come, let clouds of grief and sadness, Fly swift as shades of night away.
Let all our hearts, like birds of gladness, Welcome in the glad new day.
Bright flowers and streams, and birds of heaven, Incense and praises waft above.
From hearts and voices now be given Song of praise, and joy and love.

AN APPLE ORCHARD IN THE SPRING.

LEAFLET IX.

I.

Have you seen an apple orchard in the spring?
An English apple orchard in the spring?
When the spreading trees are hoary,
With their wealth of promised glory
And the robin tells its story,
In the spring, in the spring.

II.

Have you walked beneath the blossoms in the spring?
Beneath the apple blossoms in the spring?
When the pink cascades are falling,
And the silver brooklets brawling,
And the cuckoo birds soft calling,
In the spring, in the spring.

III.

If you have not, then you know not, in the spring,
The color, beauty, wonder of the spring.
No sweet sight can I remember
Half so precious, half so tender,
As the apple blossoms render,
In the spring, in the spring.

THE POSTILLION.

LEAFLET XVII.

Hear the Postillion riding by!
How brisk his song,
His cheerful cry—His cheerful cry!
His horse trots on—So brave and gay
And in a trice flies o'er the way.
O'er plain and wood for miles around
In joyous tones his songs resound.
In joyous tones his songs resound.

CHORUS:

Tra la la la— Tra la— Tra la
Tra la— Tra la— Tra la— Tra la la la
Tra la— Tra la— Tra la— Tra la
Tra la— Tra la— Tra la— Tra la
Tra la— Tra la— Tra la— la— la—
Tra la— la— la—

Hear the Postillion riding by!
I pray thee not so quickly fly,—
So quickly fly!
I would my greeting give to thee,
My own fond love so far from me,
Thro' wood and field he makes his way
And now his song dies away—
And now his songs will die a—way.

THE FOUNTAIN.

SUPPLEMENTARY SONG SERIES.

Into the sunshine, Full of the light,
Leaping and flashing, From morn till night;
Into the moonlight, Whiter than snow,
Waving so flower-like When the winds blow;
Into the starlight, Rushing in spray,
Happy at midnight, Happy by day,
Yes, happy by day,
Ever in motion, Blithesome and cheery,
Still climbing heavenward, never a-weary,
Glorious fountain, Let my heart be
Fresh, changeful, constant, Upward like thee!
Let my heart be Fresh, changeful, constant,
Glorious fountain, like thee.

MUSIC EVERYWHERE.

NEW EDUCATIONAL.

- I. SOPRANO. There is music in the breeze,
It is singing through the trees,
Do you hear it? Do you hear it?
O hark! it is sounding ev'rywhere,
O hear! it is filling all the air.
It sings and rings, it swells and swings,
It brings ev'ry one a word of joy.
Then hear the winning word it brings
And answer, ev'ry girl and boy.
- I. ALTO. There is music in the breeze,
It is singing through the trees,
Do you hear it? Do you hear it?
O hear it sounding ev'rywhere, sounding ev'rywhere,
O hear it filling all the air, filling the air.
Singing and ringing, hear it, hear it sing,
Bearing us a message of joy.
Hear the word that it brings,
Answer, ev'ry girl and boy.
- II. SOPRANO. There is singing in the sea,
In the brooklet running free,
Only listen! Only listen!
The birds' happy singing, too, we hear,
The song of the raindrops calling clear;
The silver night with fingers light
Oft plays on her harp of forest leaves.
Then learn to sing with ev'rything
And listen ev'ry heart that grieves.
- II. ALTO. There is singing in the sea,
In the brooklet running free,
Only listen! Only listen!
The song of happy birds we hear, song of happy birds,
The song of raindrops calling clear, rain calling clear;
Night, silver night, with fingers, fingers light,
Plays a harp of leaves, harp of leaves.
Learn to sing, learn to sing,
Lighten ev'ry heart that grieves.

THE STREAMLET.

INTERMEDIATE.

Streamlet, streamlet, down thro' the valley thou flowest,
Calmly winding, yet thou dost never rest;
Onward, onward, down to the river thou goest,
Ne'er returning, merged in its heaving breast.
Waving trees bend their heads in blessings o'er thee,
Sigh the winds, "Oh, stay with us, we implore thee."
Streamlet, streamlet, stay, and give over thy motion;
Streamlet, streamlet, stay, and be calm, be blest.

Ever onward, I have no time to be staying,
Ever downward, I cannot cease to flow;
Onward, seaward, not for a moment delaying,
Surely, surely, I must forever go.
As I journey the flow'rs caress and love me,
Song birds chant their sweet farewells above me;
Onward, seaward, streamlets can never be staying,
Ever, ever, I must to ocean go.

HARK! HARK! THE LARK.

CHOICE SONGS.

Hark! hark! the lark at heav'n's gate sings, And Phoebus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs, On chaliced flow'rs that lies,
On chaliced flow'rs that lies. And winking Mary buds begin to ope the golden eyes;
With ev'rything that pretty is; My Lady sweet arise,
With ev'rything that pretty is; My Lady sweet arise, arise, arise,
My Lady sweet arise, arise; arise, My Lady sweet, arise.

ISLE OF BEAUTY.

CHOICE SONGS.

Shades of evening, close not o'er us, Leave our lonely barque awhile,
Morn, alas! will not restore us Yonder dim and distant isle;
Still my fancy can discover Sunny spots where friends may dwell,
Darker shadows round us hover, Isle of Beauty, "fare thee well."

'Tis the hour when happy faces Smile around the taper's light;
Who will fill our vacant places, Who will sing our songs tonight?
Thro' the mists that float above us, Faintly sounds the vesper bell;
Like a voice from those around us, Breathing, "fare thee well."

When the waves are round me breaking, As I pace the deck alone;
And my eye in vain is seeking Some green spot to rest upon;
What would I not give to wander Where my old companions dwell?
Absence make the heart grow fonder, Isle of Beauty, "fare thee well."

LIKE THE LARK.

LEAFLET I.

Like the lark, would I were singing,
Thro' the azure plains on high,
Over hill and valley bringing,
Dreams of spring along the sky,
Dreams of spring along the sky,
Over hill and valley bringing,
Dreams of spring along the sky,
Dreams of spring along the sky.

Like the lark, would I were drinking,
Draughts of purest morning air,
Till on dewy flow'rets sinking,
Till on dewy flow'rets sinking,
I could bask in fragrance rare,
I could bask in fragrance rare,
Till on dewy flow'rets sinking,
Till on dewy flow'rets sinking,
I could bask in fragrance rare,
I could bask in fragrance rare.

Like the lark, 'twixt earth and heaven,
Could I freely float along,
I would rivet earth to heaven,
I would rivet earth to heaven,
With the magic of my song,
With the magic of my song,
I would rivet earth to heaven,
I would rivet earth to heaven,
With the magic of my song,
With the magic of my song.

SONG OF THE AUTUMN LEAVES.

LEAFLET VI.

The trees wear gala garments, All dipped in rainbow dyes,
And some have copied colors, That glow in sunset skies!
The oak-tree trims in crimson, His suit of russet brown,
To grace the gorgeous pageant, Ere leaves come drifting down!

The carnival is ended, That autumn yearly holds,
The sumac's scarlet streamers, Are furled in faded folds;
The woodbine trails her pennants, The maple doffs his crown,
The forest fete is over, The leaves come drifting down!

The wind sings little lyrics, To call the leaves away,
He spurs them on to races, In merry chase and play;
The children join the frolic, In country or in town,
They love the rustling carpet, Where leaves have drifted down!

BOATMAN'S SONG.

LEAFLET XIV.

I.

Gently, ye billows, come cradle our boat,
On its bright pathway in peace let it float,
Lightly the breezes bestir the broad stream,
Warm on the waters the sunbeams now gleam.

SOPRANO:

Softly are whisp'ring the reeds as they shake,
Songs of the joy in the distance awake;
Softly are whisp'ring the reeds as they shake,
Songs of the joy in the distance awake.
Songs of the joy in the distance awake.

ALTO:

Softly are whisp'ring the reeds as they shake,
Songs of the joy in the distance awake, the distance awake;
Songs of the joy in the distance awake;
Songs of the joy in the distance awake.

II.

Gently, ye billows, around us you play,
Bear us in safety nor lead us astray;
Life and a river in this are as one,
Scarcely we greet them before they are gone.

SOPRANO:

Moments like billows are swift in their flight,
Moments like billows, some dark and some bright;
Joy let us grasp when it visits us here,
Take down the sail for the harbor is near,
Take down the sail for the harbor is near.

ALTO:

Moments like billows are swift in their flight,
Moments like billows, some dark and some bright, some dark and some bright,
Take down the sail for the harbor is near,
Take down the sail for the harbor is near.

CRADLE SONG.

EUTERPEAN.

I.

Sleep, beloved sleep; Round thee watch we keep;
Listen how the rain doth fall; How the neighbor's dog doth call;
He hath bitten some one straying, That's the cause of this baying,
Round thee artful watch we keep; Sleep, beloved, sleep.

II.

Close the weary eye; Wind doth rustle by;
Hare doth lift a list'ning ear, As the hunter's foot draws near;
Coat of green is hunter wearing. But the hare away is tearing,
Hunter cannot come him nigh; Close thy weary eye.

III.

Sleep till morn arise in yon azure sky;
Watch-dog now hath ceas'd to bark; Beggar hides where all is dark;
Little dove her young is tending; Where no hunter's foot is wending,
Hare is hid in verdure deep. Sleep, my darling, sleep.

CRADLE SONG.

SILVER SONG SERIES No. IV.

I.

There's a baby-moon rocking far up in the sky;
And the night-wind is blowing a soft lullaby;
And down, away down, in a mossy-lined nest,
Are five little birdies 'neath mother's warm breast,
Are five little birdies 'neath mother's warm breast.

CHORUS :

O, hush-a-by, hush-a-by, little one sleep.
O, hush-a-by, hush-a-by, little one sleep.
O, hush-a-by, hush-a-by, little one sleep.

II.

Enfolded in arms that a loving hold keep,
Another wee baby is rocking to sleep;
A soft golden head presses close to my heart;
And darkly fringed eye-lids just drowsily part,
And darkly fringed eye-lids just drowsily part.

CHORUS :

III.

The tiny star candles are lighting the way,
For other wee baby is rocking to sleep;
But my baby's stars are his mother's brown eyes,
That love light his path as to dreamland he hies,
That love light his path as to dreamland he hies.

CHORUS :

IV.

The silver-moon baby sinks low in the west,
The chirping is hushed in the little brown nest,
And swinging and swaying, with eyes closing fast,
My little one crosses the border at last,
My little one crosses the border at last.

CHORUS :

O, hush thee, O, hush thee, my little one, sleep.
O, hush thee, O, hush thee, my little one, sleep.
O, hush thee, O, hush thee, my little one, sleep.

A SPANISH DANCE.

LAUREL MUSIC SERIES.

Come where the moonbeams so lightly are glancing,
Come 'neath the smile of the loved evening star,
Under the orange-boughs forth from the shadows,
Stealth the voice of the dreamy guitar.

Trip we so fleetly to music entrancing,
Joyous the heart like the bird in its flight,
Gone are the toils and the cares of the day time,
Welcome the bliss of the beautiful night.

Dreamy and sweet the guitars still are ringing,
Calm lies the village beneath the moon's kiss,
Faster the heart beats, its joy is a rapture,
Would we could glide on forever like this.

ALL ABOARD FOR BLANKET BAY.

SHEET MUSIC.

I.

There's a ship sails away at the close of each day,
Sails away to the land of dreams.
Mama's little boy Blue, is the Captain and crew,
Of this wonderful ship, "Called the White Pillow Slip,"
When the day's play is o'er, and the toys on the floor
Cast aside by a little brown hand,
Mama hugs him up tight, Papa whispers good night,
Little sailor boy, sail into sweet slumber land.

CHORUS:

All aboard for Blanket Bay,
Won't come back 'till the break of day;
Roll him round in his little white sheet
Till you can't see his little bare feet.
Then you tuck him up in his trundle bed,
Ship ahoy, little sleepy head.
Bless Mama, bless Papa, and sail away,
All aboard for Blanket Bay.

There was one night the ship took a wonderful trip,
And the Captain came home next day
With his little voice hushed, And his little face flushed,
From a fever he'd caught In the Slumberland Port;
And they watched by his bed, till the old doctor said
He's asleep, danger's past, come away.
Mama kissed her boy Blue, Papa hugged him up too;
There were tears in his eyes as he sang Blanket Bay.

THE LITTLE DUSTMAN.

TEACHER'S EDITION.

The flowers all sleep soundly, Beneath the moon's bright ray;
They nod their heads together, And dream the night away.
The murm'ring trees wave to and fro, And whisper soft and low,
Sleep on, sleep on, sleep on, my little one.

At ev'ry window peeping, The Dustman shows his head,
To see if all good children, Are fast asleep in bed.
And sprinkles dust into the eyes Of ev'ry one he spies,
Sleep on, sleep on, sleep on, my little one.

CRADLE SONG.

TEACHER'S EDITION.

Sleep, baby, sleep, Thy father guards the sheep;
Thy mother is shaking the dreamland tree,
And down comes a beautiful dream for thee,
Sleep, baby, sleep; Sleep, baby, sleep.

Sleep, baby, sleep, The large stars are the sheep,
The wee little stars are the lambs, I guess,
The beautiful moon is the shepherdess;
Sleep, baby, sleep; Sleep, baby, sleep.

GIPSY SONG.

LAUREL MUSIC READER.

I.

Hola, Hola, Hola, Hola, The world belongs to me,
A gipsy lad, Whose life is glad, I love whate'er I see.
Hola, Hola, Hola, Hola, My days are filled with joy,
And all the earth is sweet with mirth for me, a gipsy boy.

CHORUS:

Ah, how good just to me, When the blue deeps of night
Bring their peace to the wood where we live with delight;
When the fire sings its tune, and the sweet voices ring
In our hearts, then 'tis June, and the gipsy lad's a king.

II.

Hola, Hola, Hola, Hola, The freedom of the downs,
Is dearer far than riches are in prison walls of towns.
Hola, Hola, Hola, Hola, Oh come and live with me
Where summer shines on singing pines, and calls you to be free.

LULLABY.

Golden slumbers kiss your eyes,
Smiles await you when you rise;
Sleep, pretty lov'd one, do not cry,
And I will sing your lullaby, lullaby.

'Neath the drowsy, drooping lid,
Dreams from fairyland are hid;
Sleep, pretty lov'd one, do not cry,
And I will sing your lullaby, lullaby.

SWEET AND LOW.

TEACHER'S EDITION.

Sweet and Low, Sweet and Low,
Wind of the western sea,
Low, low breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea,
O'er the rolling waters go,
Come from the dying moon and blow,
Blow him again to me—While my little one,
While my little one, sleeps.

Sleep and rest, Sleep and rest,
Father will come to thee soon,
Rest, rest on mother's breast,
Father will come to thee soon,
Father will come to his babe in the nest,
Silver sails all out of the west,
Under the silver moon—
Sleep my little one—sleep my pretty one, sleep.

ROCKIN' IN DE WIN'.

LEAFLET III.

I.

Sleep, ma little baby 'Coon,
Underneath de big roun' moon;
W'en yo's in de tree a-swingin',
Mammy jes' can't keep from singin',
Sleep, ma little baby 'Coon.
Hunters like a 'Coon yo' size,
Flash de light to fin' yo' eyes—
Jes' keep still till dey go by,
Sleep, ma little baby 'Coon.
Rockin' in de win', so slow,—
Mm———, jes' so.

II.

If yo' hear de hunters roun',
Don' yo' make de least-es' soûn';
I'll take keer ma little baby,
Guess I fool de hunters, maybe,
Sleep ma little baby 'Coon.
Even if dey fin' dis tree,
Keep ez still ez yo' can be;
Close yo' eyes so dey can't see,
Den jes' leave de res' ter me:
Sleep, ma little baby 'Coon.
Rockin' in de win', so slow,—
Mm———, jes' so.

DIP, BOYS, DIP THE OAR.

I.

'Tis moonlight on the sea, Boys,
Our boat is on the strand;
She bids us all be free, Boys,
And seek a fairer land.

CHORUS:

Dip, boys, dip the oar,
Bid farewell to the dusky shore;
Freedom ours shall be
As we cross the deep blue sea.

II.

The zephyrs woo the spray, Boys,
Their laughter fills the air,
We'll bid them wake our song, Boys,
And steal away our care.

III.

What tho' the dark rocks frown, Boys,
Their home is on the shore.
When fairer lands appear, Boys,
Our dangers will be o'er.

BABY PINK AND WHITE.

SEVEN HEART SONGS.

I.

Baby, baby, pink and white,
Shut those lips of laughter tight,
For the bees think that these
Roses are for their delight.
Shut them with a kiss, good night;
Shut them with a kiss, good night.

II.

Baby, baby, white and pink,
Close your eyelids wink by wink,
For the flies in your eyes
See sweet violets, they think.
So to downy slumber sink;
So to downy slumber sink.

III.

Lightest dreams upon thee creep,
Watch above thee I will keep;
Flies and bees, birds and breeze,
Lull thee into slumber deep.
Baby, baby, fall asleep;
Baby, baby, fall asleep.

SANTA LUCIA.

WORLD-WIDE FAVORITES.

I.

Moonlight so sweet and pale,
From heaven falling;
Wavelets that murmur low,
To us are calling;
White is the summer night,
Summer sea, silver bright,
Santa Lucia, Santa Lucia.

II.

Soft winds that come and go,
Coolness are bringing;
Bearing on gentle wings,
Echoes of singing;
Waits the light boat for thee,
Floats o'er the waves with me,
Santa Lucia, Santa Lucia.

III.

O joy to lie at rest,
Drifting and dreaming;
On ocean's peaceful breast,
'Neath moonlight gleaming;
Bride of the summer sea,
Naples, thy child to be,
Santa Lucia, Santa Lucia.

BARCAROLLE.

INTERMEDIATE.

Moonbeams on the water bright, With silv'ry radiance gleaming,
Balmy breezes soft and light, Waft perfume thro' the night;
In our bonnie boat we glide, While lovelit eyes are beaming;
Gently floating side by side Upon the rippling tide.
The twinkling stars above With their softened rays streaming.
The twinkling stars above, Thrill our hearts with their smile,
Thrill our hearts with their smile— Ah!
Moonbeams on the water bright, With silv'ry radiance gleaming,
Balmy breezes soft and light, Waft perfume thro' the night.
Ah! . . . while the stars are gleaming, In our bonnie boat we glide
Ah! ah! ah! ah! ah! ah! ah! ah!

ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT.

TEACHER'S EDITION.

Sleep, my child, and peace attend thee, All thro' the night;
Guardian angels God will send thee, All thro' the night.
Soft the drowsy hours are creeping, Hill and vale in slumber sleeping,
I my loving vigil keeping, All thro' the night.

While the moon her watch is keeping, All thro' the night;
While the weary world is sleeping, All thro' the night.
O'er thy spirit gently stealing, Visions of delight revealing,
Breathes a pure and holy feeling, All thro' the night.

Hark, a solemn bell is ringing, Clear thro' the night;
Thou, my love, art heavenward singing, Home thro' the night.
Earthly dust from off thee shaken, By good angels art thou taken,
Soul immortal shalt thou waken, Home thro' the night.

THE GONDOLIERS.

I.

Gondolier, the moon is shining,
Thro' the clouds her rays are streaming;
On the margins see their silv'ry lining,
Round our gondola the waves are gleaming
Like a thousand jewels sparkling,
O'er the tide below them darkling,
From their oars so gently playing
In the shining waters crystal drops are spraying.

II.

Gondolier, now let thy singing,
Softly stir the air of even;
Sing the ancient songs of Venice bringing
Back the glory men of old have given,
Let the music grandly swelling,
When their valor thou art telling,
Die in murmurs, falling, rising,
Music with the music sweetly harmonizing.

THE VIOLET.

TEACHER'S EDITION.

Down in a green and shady bed, A modest violet grew;
Its stalk was bent, it hung its head, As if to hide from view.
And yet it was a lovely flow'r, Its colors bright and fair;
It might have graced a rosy bower, Instead of hiding there.

Yet there it was content to bloom, In modest tints arrayed;
And there diffused a sweet perfume, Within its silent shade.
Then let me to the valley go, This pretty flow'r to see;
That I may also learn to grow, In sweet humility.

MY MAMMY'S VOICE.

When I was a little pickaninny, long ago,
My ole mammy use' ter sing de sweetes' song I know;
Wid her croonin' an' her hummin', When she see de Sandman comin',
To de Land o' Nod she'd rock me very soft and slow.

CHORUS:

When work is troo, and day is done,
As I set an' watch de sinkin' sun,
Hear my mammy singing all de songs I use' ter know;
Ain't no voice so sweet an' clear, so sweet an' clear,
Ain't no tunes ter me is half so dear,
As de songs my mammy sung me, In de long ago, de long ago.
Dere is music in de clock a-tickin' on de wall,
Dere is singing in de kittle wid its bubblin' call,
Sweet de cricket's merry strummin', And de bumblebees a-hummin',
But de singin' ob my mammy war de bes' ob all.

BARCAROLLE.

SILVER SONG SERIES IV.

Glide, little boat, o'er the waves that are glancing,
Kissed by the sunshine and rocked by the breeze;
Dance little boat, for our hearts too are dancing,
Wakened to joy by such moments as these.

Glide, little boat, o'er the waves that are sighing,
Under the smile of the sunset's last ray;
Breathe we a song for the hours that are dying,
Why wilt thou leave us, oh, beautiful day?

Drift, little boat, on the dim starlit waters,
Rock we like babes on the ocean's great breast;
Ever she cradles her sons and her daughters,
Whispering love songs of peace and of rest.

COME, OH, COME WITH ME.

LEAFLET No. VII.

I.

Come, O come with me, the moon is beaming,
Come, O come with me, the stars are gleaming;
All around, above, with beauty teeming;
Moonlight hours have joys for me.

CHORUS:

Tra la la la — la la — la la — la la
Tra la la la — la la — la la — la

II.

My skiff is by the shore, she's light and free,
To ply the feather'd oar, is joy to me;
And while we glide along o'er the dark blue sea,
We'll sing our sweetest melody.

BOBOLINK.

INSTITUTE SONGS.

I.

Bobolink, swinging on the bough, Listen awhile to me,
Answer some questions for me now, Of some of the things I see.

CHORUS:

Bobolink, tell me, tell me true, How does the clover grow?
Where do the daisies find their frill, What makes the ocean waves go?
Where does the rainbow start and end? What makes the sky so blue?
Tell me the reason, my little friend Bobolink, answer me true.

II.

Bobolink, darting to and fro, Many a sight you see,
Surely the reasons you must know, So won't you explain to me?

CHORUS:

Bobolink, tell me, tell me true, How does the shadow fall?
How does the robin build her nest? Where does she learn her soft call?
What makes the grass so fresh and green? Dotted with flowers, too?
Some of these things you have surely seen. Bobolink, answer me true.

CANADIAN BOAT SONG.

CHOICE SONGS.

I.

Faintly as tolls the evening chime,
Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time,
Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time,
Soon as the woods on shore look dim,
We'll sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn;
Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast.

CHORUS:

The rapids are near, and the day-light's past;
The rapids are near, and the day-light's past.

II.

Why should we yet our sail unfurl,
There is not a breath the blue wave to curl,
There is not a breath the blue wave to curl;
But when the wind blows off the shore,
O sweetly we'll rest the weary oar;
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast.

III.

Utawa's tide, this trembling moon,
Shall see us float o'er the surges soon,
Shall see us float o'er the surges soon.
Saint of this green isle, hear our prayers,
O grant us cool heavens and fav'ring airs.
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast.

INDIAN LULLABY.

INSTITUTE SONG.

Rock-a-bye, my little owlet,
In thy mossy, swaying nest,
With thy little woodland brothers,
Close thine eyes and take thy rest.
To whoo, to whoo, to whoo, to whoo.

Hush-a-bye, my little owlet,
Many voices sing to thee,
"Hush-a-bye," the water whispers,
"Hush," replies the tall pine tree.
To whoo, to whoo, to whoo, to whoo.

Sleep, O sleep, my little owlet,
Through our tent the moon shines bright,
Like a great eye it will watch thee,
Sleep till comes the morning light.
To whoo, to whoo, to whoo, to whoo.

FAIRY TALE TOWER.

LEAFLET No. VIII.

This is the Tower of Fairy-Tales, Where at dusk the door's ajar;
Where at close of day when we're tired of play, We gather from near and far,
Where every wonderful tale is told, As we sit in a cozy ring,
And where sometimes old tinkling rhymes We all of us softly sing,
Or, perhaps, we sit and just watch the moon And its light on the far seen sails.
Ah, lucky are they who can find the way To the Tower of Fairy-Tales.

KENTUCKY BABE.

LEAFLET No. III.

Skeeters am a-hummin' on de honeysuckle vine,
Sleep, Kentucky Babe!
Sandman am a-comin' to dis little coon of mine,
Sleep, Kentucky Babe!
Silv'ry moon am shinin' in the heabens up above,
Bobolink am pinin' fo' his little lady love,
You is mighty lucky, Babe of old Kentucky,
Close yo' eyes in sleep.

Fly away, fly away Kentucky Babe, fly away to rest,
Fly away, Lay yo' kinky, woolly head on yo' mammy's breast,
Um— Um— close yo' eyes in sleep.

Daddy's in the cane-brake wid his little dog and gun,
Sleep, Kentucky Babe!
'Possom fo' yo' breakfast when yo' sleepin' time is done,
Sleep, Kentucky Babe!
Bogie man 'll ketch yo' sure unless yo' close yo' eyes,
Waitin' jes' outside de doo' to take yo' by surprise,
Bes' be keepin' shady, Little colored Lady,
Close yo' eyes in sleep.

Fly away, fly away Kentucky Babe, fly away to rest,
Fly away, Lay yo' kinky, woolly head on yo' mammy's breast,
Um— Um— close yo' eyes in sleep.

I LOVE YOU, CALIFORNIA.

SHEET MUSIC.

I love you, California, you're the greatest state of all,
I love you in the winter, summer, spring, and in the fall.
I love your fertile valleys; your dear mountains I adore.
I love your grand old ocean, and I love her rugged shore.

CHORUS:

Where the snow crowned Golden Sierras
Keep their watch o'er the valley's bloom,
It is there I would be in our land by the sea,
Every breeze bearing rich perfume;
It is here nature gives of her rarest,
It is Home Sweet Home to Me,
And I know when I die I shall breathe my last sigh
For my sunny California.

I love your redwood forests, love your fields of yellow grain.
I love your summer breezes, and I love your winter rain.
I love you, land of flowers; land of honey, fruit and wine.
I love you, California; you have won this heart of mine.

I love your old gray Missions, love your vineyards stretching far.
I love you, California, with your Golden Gate ajar.
I love your purple sunsets, love your skies of azure blue.
I love you, California; I just can't help loving you.

I love you, Catalina; you are very dear to me.
I love you, Tamalpais, and I love Yosemite.
I love you, Land of Sunshine, half your beauties are untold.
I loved you in my childhood, and I'll love you when I'm old.

THE BUSY LARK.

LEAFLET No. III.

The busy lark, messenger of day,
Salutes in her song the morrow gray,
And fiery Phœbus riseth up so bright
That all the orient laugheth at the sight,
And with his streamers dryeth in the greaves
The silver drops hanging on the leaves.

IN THE WOODS.

ELEANOR SMITH.

I.

O come, the woods are shady,
We'll hasten now and run
In coolest, darkest places—
To hide us from the sun.

La—la la la, la la la la,
La, la la la, la la la la,
La, la la la, la la la la,
La, la la la, la la la la,
La, la, la, la.

II.

The branches cross their fingers,
The sun looks down between,
And everywhere he lingers
The grass is emerald green.

La—la la la, la la la la,
La, la la la, la la la la,
La, la la la, la la la la,
La, la la la, la la la la,
La, la, la, la.

III.

The shy wood-blossoms tremble,
The wind has just begun;
They gather in the shadows
To shield them from the sun.

La—la la la, la la la la,
La, la la la, la la la la,
La, la la la, la la la la,
La, la la la, la la la la,
La, la, la, la.

IV.

O sweet the spicy odors,
We'll stay till day is done,
To breathe the woodland fragrance
And hide us from the sun.

La—la la la, la la la la,
La, la la la, la la la la,
La, la la la, la la la la,
La, la la la, la la la la,
La, la, la, la.

FAREWELL TO THE WOODS.

INTERMEDIATE.

Verdant grove, farewell to thee, Clad in vernal beauty;
Thine my parting song shall be, 'Tis a sacred duty;
Let thy warblers' tuneful throng Bear the echoes of my song
Far o'er hill and valley, Far o'er hill and valley.

What delight to linger here, 'Mid the shady bowers;
From the silver fountain clear, Culling fragrant flowers;
Would I might with garlands crowned, Breathing odors sweet around,
Tarry with thee longer, Tarry with thee longer.

But the night forbids my stay, I must leave thee in sorrow;
To your rest, ye birds away, And dream of the morrow.
Fare ye well, ye shadowy bow'rs, With your blooming fragrant flow'rs,
Till another meeting, Till another meeting.

THE POSTILLION.

EUTERPEAN.

I.

The night is late, we dare not wait, The winds begin to blow,
And ere we gain the hollow plain, There'll be a storm I trow,
And as we pass the Beggar's tree, Look out'n the dark, look out,
The phantom horseman you will see, He'll crack his whip and shout,
 Hola! Hola! Hola! Who's for the coach tonight?
For we are bound for Bristol town, Before the morning light.
 Hola! Hola! Hola! Hola!

II.

Then one glass more, the ale is fair; A toast, sweet ladies fair,
To each man's home, good masters mine, And may he soon be there!
The sparks shall flash as on we dash, The clattering wheels shall spin,
And every sleeping loon shall stir, To see the coach roll in.
 Hola! Hola! Hola! Who's for the coach tonight?
For we are bound for Bristol town, Before the morning light.
 Hola! Hola! Hola! Hola!

THE DANCERS.

LAUREL MUSIC READER.

Come where the viols are singing, And the merry laughter of beauty is ringing;
Where the laddies and the lassies Dance as sprightly as leaves in the breeze.
See how the soft shadows all abloom, Dance with the sun through the trees,
See every cloud with its growing plume, Dances in time to the breeze.
Swallows are wheeling in airy flights, Filled with the laughter of May,
Over the fields where children delight To dance through the gold of day;
Over the fields where children delight To dance through the gold of the day.
 Dancing, dancing.

Come where the viols are singing, And the merry laughter of beauty is ringing;
Where the laddies and the lassies Dance as sprightly as leaves in the breeze.

THE LITTLE TIN SOLDIER.

LEAFLET XIV.

He was a little tin soldier, One little leg had he ;
She was a little fairy dancer, Bright as bright could be ;
She had a castle and garden, He but an old box dim ;
She was a dainty rose-lover, Far too grand for him.
He was a little tin soldier, One little leg had he ;
Bravely shouldered his musket, Fain her love would be.

Once as he watched his rose-lover, Winds from the north did blow,
Swept him out of the casement Down to a stream below.
True to his little lady, Still he shouldered his gun ;
Soon, so soon came the darkness, Life and love undone.
He was a little tin soldier, One little leg had he ;
Ne'er in the world a lover Half so true could be.

Once more he sees his rose-love, Still she is dancing gay,
He is worn and faded, Loyal still for aye.
Then came a hand that swept them into a furnace wide,
Parted in life, in dying They are side by side.
Ah for the little tin soldier, Ah for her cruelty.
There lies her rose in ashes, There his loyal little heart.

SAILING.

Y'heave ho, my lads, the wind blows free,
A pleasant gale is on our lee
And soon across the ocean clear,
Our gallant barque shall bravely steer ;
But ere we part, from England's shore tonight
A song we'll sing, For home and beauty bright.

CHORUS :

Then here's to the sailor, and here's to the heart so true ;
Who will think of him upon the waters blue ?
Sailing, sailing, over the bounding main,
For many a stormy wind shall blow,
Ere Jack comes home again ;
Sailing, sailing, over the bounding main,
For many a stormy wind shall blow,
Ere Jack comes home again.

A sailor's life is bold and free,
His home is on the rolling sea ;
And never life more true and brave
Than he who launches on the wave ;
Afar he speeds, in distant climes to roam,
With jocund song, He rides the sparkling foam.

CHORUS :

Then here's to the sailor, etc.

The tide is flowing with the gale,
Y'heave ho, my lads, set every sail ;
The harbor bar we soon shall clear,
Farewell once more to home so dear ;
For when the tempest rages loud and long,
That home shall be our guiding star among.

CHORUS :

Then here's to the sailor, etc.

A STORY.

TEACHER'S EDITION.

Down in a garden olden,
Just where I do not know,
A buttercup all golden
Chanced near a rose to grow,
Chanced near a rose to grow,
And every morning early,
Before all birds were up,
A tiny dewdrop pearly,
Fell in this dainty cup.

This was the drink of water
Sipped by the rose each day,
But no one yet has caught her,
Drinking in such a way,
Drinking in such a way,
Of course it is not treason
To say that thus she sips,
And that is just the reason
She has such dewy lips.

THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD.

LEAFLET XII.

The Lord is my shepherd, No want shall I know;
I walk in green pastures, Safe folded I rest;
He leadeth my feet Where the still waters flow,
Restores me when wand'ring, Redeems when oppressed;
Restores me when wand'ring, Redeems when oppressed.

Let goodness and mercy, My bountiful Lord,
Still follow my steps Till I meet thee above;
I seek by the path Which my forefathers trod
Thro' the land of their sojourn, Thy kingdom of love;
Thro' the land of their sojourn, Thy kingdom of love.

MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS.

LEAFLET No. II.

I.

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here;
My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer;
A-chasing the wild deer, and foll'wing the roe,
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.

II.

Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North,
The birthplace of valour, the country of worth;
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
The hills of the Highlands forever I love.

III.

Farewell to the mountains high, covered with snow;
Farewell to the straits and green valleys below;
Farewell to the forests and wild hanging woods;
Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods.

IV.

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here;
My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer;
A-chasing the wild deer, and foll'wing the roe,
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.

THE SECRET.

LEAFLET.

I.

I know the most beautiful secret,
The dearest that ever you heard;
It's all about something so cunning
That belongs to a little brown bird;
I'd just love to tell you about it,
I know you'd enjoy it right well;
But you see, when the mother bird told me,
I promised I never would tell,
I promised I never would tell.

II.

It's up in the limb of the oak tree,
This thing that she told me about;
It's fastened so tight and so cozy
That nobody'll ever fall out.
I wish I could show you what's in there,
And take you to see them, as well;
But I can't for I solemnly promised
That truly I never would tell,
I promised I never would tell.

III.

The oak leaves have kept it well shaded,
The branches grow round like a screen;
I'm sure it would never be seen.
I do want to tell you about it,
I'm sure you'd enjoy it so well;
But I can't, for you see it's a secret,
And I promised I never would tell,
I promised I never would tell.

A MERRY LIFE.

LAUREL, MUSIC READER.

Some think the world is made for fun and frolic,
And so do I. And so do I.
Some think it well to be all melancholic,
To pine and sigh, To pine and sigh.
But I, I love to spend my time in singing
Some joyous song, Some joyous song.
To set the air with music bravely ringing,
Is far from wrong. Is far from wrong.

CHORUS :

Harken, Harken, Music sounds afar.
Harken, Harken, Music sounds afar.
Tra-la-la-la, tra-la-la-la, tra-la-la-la, tra-la-la-la,
Joy is everywhere, Tra-la-la-la, tra-la-la-la.

Ah, me, 'tis strange that some should take to sighing,
And like it well. And like it well.
For me, I have not thought it worth the trying,
So cannot tell. So cannot tell.
With laugh, and dance, and song, the day soon passes,
Full soon is gone, Full soon is gone.
For mirth was made for joyous lads and lassies
To call their own. To call their own.

WHISTLING JOE.

LEAFLET XI.

There's a sound in early dawning,
Shrill and clear it rings each morning,
Ev'ry thought of slumber scorning ;
Hear him, Whistling Joe!
'Tis when the world from sleep is waking,
While to work his way he's taking,
Loud the music he is making ;
Hear him whistling! [Whistle]
Hear him whistling! [Whistle]
Merry Whistling Joe!

Hid in trees, his tune completing,
Robins sing their notes in greeting,
For a word they seem entreating ;
Merry Whistling Joe!
And tho' the day be dark and dreary,
Still we hear his whistle cheery ;
He is never sad or weary ;
Hear him whistling! [Whistle]
Hear him whistling! [Whistle]
Merry Whistling Joe!

LAUGHING WITH SUNLIGHT.

MELODIC SECOND READER.

Now laughing with sunlight the heavens are blue,
The fields with gay flowers are bursting anew;
With verdure and blossoms the orchard grows fair,
And larks with sweet music are filling the air—
And larks with sweet music are filling the air.

We play in the meadow and hear the birds sing,
We see on the hilltop the gladness of Spring;
All nature is beaming with rapture and love,
And sunlight comes smiling down from above—
And sunlight comes smiling down from above.

THE OWL AND THE PUSSY CAT.

SHEET MUSIC.

The Owl and the Pussy Cat went to sea
In a beautiful pea green boat;
They took some honey and plenty of money
Wrapped up in a five-pound note.
The Owl looked up to the stars above,
And sang to his small guitar,
"Oh, lovely Pussy, Oh, Pussy, my love,
What a wonderful Pussy you are."

Pussy said to the Owl, "You elegant fowl,
How charmingly sweet you sing,
Oh, let us be married, too long we have tarried,
But what shall we do for a ring?"
So they sailed away, for a year and a day,
To the land where the Bong tree grows,
And there in a wood, a Piggy-wig stood,
With a ring at the end of his nose.

"Dear Pig, are you willing to sell for a shilling
Your ring?" Said the Piggy, "I will."
So they took it away and were married next day
By the turkey who lives on the hill.
They dined on mince, and on slices of quince
Which they ate with a runcible spoon,
And hand in hand, on the edge of the sand
They danced by the light of the moon.

[Repeat pp.]

WHERE THE FLAG IS FULL OF STARS.

LEAFLET No. X.

I.

'Tis fine to see the Old World, and to travel up and down
Among the famous palaces and cities of renown,
To admire the crumbly castles and the statues of the kings,
But now I think I've had enough of antiquated things.

CHORUS:

So it's home again, and home again, America for me!
My heart is turning home again, and there I long to be;
In the land of youth and freedom beyond the ocean bars,
Where the air is full of sunlight and the flag is full of stars.

II.

Oh, London is a man's town, there's power in the air;
And Paris is a woman's town, with flowers in her hair;
And it's sweet to dream in Venice, and it's great to study Rome;
But when it comes to living, there is no place like home.

III.

I know that Europe's wonderful, yet something seems to lack:
The Past is too much with her, and the people looking back.
But the glory of the Present is to make the Future free,
We love our land for what she is, and what she is to be.

[Chorus for last stanza.]

Oh, it's home again, and home again, America for me!
I want a ship that's westward bound to plow the rolling sea,
To the Land of Room Enough beyond the ocean bars,
Where the air is full of sunlight and the flag is full of stars.

THE CALL TO ARMS.

LEAFLET V.

Hark, hark to the trumpet resounding, It calls to the patriot brave.
To arms, every loyal son and true, With zeal and courage our land to save.
Our homes and our altars defending, March on, march on to war.
Then forward, brave advancing, March to the cannon's roar.
With banners aloft proudly waving, Unnumbered they press along,
While cheers rend the air as on they go, A mighty throng.
For Freedom, for Freedom, for Liberty, their cry;
On, on to the battle, brave and strong, To win or die.

MOUNT VERNON BELLS.

I.

Where Potomac's stream is flowing Virginia's border through;
Where the white-sailed ships are going, Sailing to the ocean blue;
Hushed the sound of mirth and singing, Silent every one;
While the solemn bells are ringing, By the tomb of Washington.

CHORUS:

Tolling and knelling With a sad, sweet sound;
O'er the wave the tones are swelling, By Mount Vernon's sacred ground.

II.

Long ago the warrior slumbered; Our country's Father slept.
Long, among the angels numbered, They the hero-soul have kept.
But the children's children love him, And his name revere,
So, where willows wave above him, Sweetly still his knell you hear.

CHORUS:

III.

Sail, O ships, across the billows, And bear the story far,
How he sleeps beneath the willows, First in peace and first in war,
Tell while sweet adieus are swelling, Till you come again,
He within the hearts is dwelling, Of his loving countrymen.

CHORUS:

A HERO'S BIRTHDAY.

LEAFLET VI.

Our country is the broadest, And the best beneath the sun,
And the birthdays of its heroes We remember, every one.

CHORUS:

Here are many feet for marching, Like the soldiers, two and two,
Here are many hands uplifting Our own red and white and blue.

'Tis (Lincoln that) we honor, And for him we children bring
'Tis (Washington) we honor, And for him we children bring
Each new year our fresh young voices, Glad his birthday song to sing.

CHORUS:

He ne'er shall be forgotten, While his story we can tell,
We salute his picture proudly, He, who served his country well.

CHORUS:

GOD OF THE NATIONS.

SCHOOL SONG BOOK.

God of the nations in glory enthroned,
Upon our loved country Thy blessings pour;
Guide us and guard us from strife in the future,
Let Peace dwell among us for evermore.
Proudly our Banner now gleams with golden luster,
Brighter each star shines in the glorious cluster.
Hail, Hail, Hail, banner of the free,
And Peace and Union, and Peace and Union
Throughout our happy land.

STAR SPANGLED BANNER.

SONGS OF LONG AGO.

I.

O say, can you see by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming;
Whose broad stripes and bright stars thro' the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming?
And the rockets' red glare, bombs bursting in air!
Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there!

CHORUS:

O say, does the star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?

II.

On the shore dimly seen thro' the mists o'er the deep,
Where the foes' haughty hosts in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream—

CHORUS:

'Tis the star-spangled banner! oh! long may it wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

III.

Oh, thus be it ever when freemen shall stand
Between their loved home and the war's desolation;
Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the heav'n rescued land,
Praise the pow'r that hath made and preserved us a nation!
Then conquer we must, for our cause it is just,
And this be our motto—"In God is our trust,"

CHORUS:

And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

SONGS OF LONG AGO.

I.

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
He is tramping out the vintage, where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loos'd the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword;
His truth is marching on.

CHORUS:

Glory, glory hallelujah! Glory, glory hallelujah!
Glory, glory hallelujah! His truth is marching on.

II.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps;
His truth is marching on.

CHORUS:

III.

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat;
Oh be swift my soul to answer Him! be jubilant my feet!
Our God is marching on.

CHORUS:

IV.

In the beauty of the lilies, Christ was born across the sea;
With a glory in His bosom, that transfigures you and me;
As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free;
While God is marching on.

CHORUS:

COLUMBIA, THE GEM OF THE OCEAN.

SONGS OF LONG AGO.

I.

Oh, Columbia, the gem of the ocean, The home of the brave and the free,
The shrine of each patriot's devotion, A world offers homage to thee;
Thy mandates make heroes assemble, When Liberty's form stands in view;
Thy banners make tyranny tremble, When borne by the red, white and blue.

CHORUS:

When borne by the red, white and blue, When borne by the red, white and blue,
Thy banners make tyranny tremble, When borne by the red, white and blue.

II.

When war wing'd its wide desolation, And threaten'd the land to deform,
The ark then of freedom's foundation, Columbia rode safe thro' the storm;
With the garlands of vict'ry around her, When so proudly she bore her brave crew,
With her flag proudly floating before her, The boast of the red, white and blue.

CHORUS:

The boast of the red, white and blue, The boast of the red, white and blue,
With her flag proudly floating before her, The boast of the red, white and blue.

III.

The star-spangled banner bring hither, O'er Columbia's true sons let it wave;
May the wreaths they have won never wither, Nor its stars cease to shine on the brave.
May the service united ne'er sever, But hold to their colors so true,
The army and navy forever, Three cheers for the red, white and blue.

CHORUS:

Three cheers for the red, white and blue, Three cheers for the red, white and blue,
The army and navy forever, Three cheers for the red, white and blue.

AMERICA.

SONGS OF LONG AGO.

I.

My country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of liberty, Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died, Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From ev'ry mountain side Let freedom ring.

II.

My native country! thee, Land of the noble free, Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills, Like that above.

III.

Let music swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake, Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break, The sound prolong.

IV.

Our father's God to thee, Author of liberty, To thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might, Great God, our King.

FLAG OF OUR NATION.

TEACHERS' EDITION.

I.

This is the song we sing, Flag of our nation!
To thee all honor bring, Flag of our nation!
For thee our fathers fought, Counting all else as naught,
Great was the work they wrought, Our nation's Flag!

II.

Proudly it floats on high, Flag of our nation!
Blue as the summer sky, Flag of our nation!
Red as the rose is red, White as the clouds o'erhead,
Brave men you oft have led, Our nation's Flag!

SONG OF PEACE.

SUNDAY SCHOOL, HYMN.

I.

Forward, all ye faithful, Seeking love and peace,
Hast'ning on the era When all strife shall cease;
All the saintly sages, Lead us in the way,
Forward in their footsteps, T'ward that perfect day.

II.

Raise the voice of triumph, "Peace on earth, good will";
Angels sang this anthem, Let us sing it still;
War's foundations quiver At this song of peace.
Brothers, let us sing it Till all strife shall cease.

III.

Children of One Father, Are the nations all;
"Children mine, beloved," Each one doth He call.
Be ye not divided, All one family;
One in mind and spirit, And in charity.

IV.

Wealth and power shall perish, Nations rise and wane;
Love of others only Steadfast will remain;
Hate and Greed can never 'Gainst this love prevail;
It shall stand triumphant When all else shall fail.

OLD FLAG FOREVER.

SHEET MUSIC.

I.

She's up there—Old Glory—where lightnings are sped;
She dazzles the nations with ripples of red;
And she'll wave o'er us living, or droop o'er us dead—
The flag of our country forever.

CHORUS:

She's up there—Old Glory—no tyrant-dealt scars—
No blur on her brightness—no stain on her stars!
The brave blood of heroes hath crimsoned her bars—
She's the flag of our country forever!

II.

She's up there—Old Glory—how bright the stars stream!
And the stripes like red signals of liberty gleam!
And we dare for her living, or dream the last dream
'Neath the flag of our country forever.

CHORUS:

OUR COUNTRY'S FLAG.

SHEET MUSIC.

Fling out our flag to the breezes, Flash it out under the sky;
Tumble and toss as it pleases, Proudly 'twill float there on high.
Welcome it, wind, politely, Flutter its fair folds lightly,
The flag that we love all flags above, Smile on it, sunshine, brightly.

CHORUS:

We'll shelter each silver star; We'll cherish each brilliant bar,
Three cheers for our banner, Here's in our best manner,
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

Float out its stripes o'er the ocean, Flash out its stars o'er the land;
Give it our deepest devotion, Guard it with heart and with hand.
Greet it with admiration, Hail it with acclamation,
And ever be true, to the red, white and blue, The honor and hope of our nation.

CHORUS:

THE COMING DAY OF PEACE.

SONGS OF LONG AGO.

Mine eyes have seen the dawning of a bright and glorious day,
When the war god's reign of anguish shall fore'er have passed away;
When the Prince of Peace in beauty o'er the nations shall hold sway,
For truth the day must gain.

CHORUS:

Glory, glory, hallelujah! Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah! The Prince of Peace shall reign.

The war cloud shall no longer cast its blight o'er all the earth;
Nor in army camps and barracks shall all evil things find birth;
Nor a human soul be treated as a thing of trifling worth,
For right the day must gain.

CHORUS:

The plow in peaceful industry shall supersede the sword,
And the pruning hook the bloody spear, for so hath said His word;
While the nations trust for safety in the banner of the Lord,
For peace at last must reign.

CHORUS:

THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS.

EUTERPEAN.

I.

The breaking waves dashed high On a stern and rock-bound coast,
The woods against the stormy sky Their giant branches tossed;
The heavy night hung dark, The hill and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark On the wild New England shore.

II.

Not as the conqueror comes, They, the true-hearted came;
Not with the roll of stirring drums, Or trump that sings of fame;
Not as the flying come, In silence and in fear,
They shook the depths of desert gloom With hymns of lofty cheer.

III.

What sought they thus afar, Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war? They sought a faith's pure shrine.
Ay, call it holy ground, The soil where first they trod,
They have left unstained that there they found, Freedom to worship God.

NOVEMBER.

TWO-PART SONGS.

The treasures of golden September That grew in the sunshine of May,
Are strewn in the lap of November, The month with the Thanksgiving Day.

The work of the reapers is over, The harvest is all gathered in,
The wheat and the barley and clover, Ere the storms of the winter begin.

Be thankful, and ever remember Whose hand strewed the gifts by your way,
Who filleth the lap of November, The month with the Thanksgiving Day.

HYMN FOR THANKSGIVING.

SUPPLEMENTARY SONG SERIES No. 3.

This day, our fathers set apart for earnest gratitude,
Calls once again on every heart for thankfulness renewed.
We thank Thee for the golden field that fills the bounteous bin,
For all the good earth's outward yield and for the love within.

We know that Thou from first to last hast blessed, O Lord, our time;
We thank Thee for our country's past and for its noble prime;
We thank Thee for the golden field that fills the bounteous bin,
For all the good earth's outward yield and for the love within.

THANKSGIVING SONG.

TEACHERS' EDITION.

I.

The apples have been gathered, And piled in ruddy heaps,
And down among the grasses, The purple aster sleeps.
We've brought the glossy chestnuts, From hillsides far and near,
And soon it will be coming, The glad day of the year.

II.

Thanksgiving day is coming, The glad Thanksgiving day!
We count the nights and mornings That slowly pass away.
We'll have a merry frolic, When it at last is here;
When harvests all are gathered, And winter days are near.

NUTTING SONG.

LEAFLET VI.

Now the woods are prime for the nutting time, The merriest time of all;
When we children dare with the squirrel share The frolic and feast of fall!
Tho' the frost folk white were abroad last night, The morning is blue and gold;
Come, away we'll troop in a jolly group, Where the chestnut burrs unfold.

The hickory stands, gems in his hands, The hazel hides jewels brown;
Sweet music make, as the trees we shake, And they tinkle and twinkle down.
In that tingling chime of the autumn time, So full of the fall's crisp cheer,
When we gather health, with the wood's ripe wealth, In this blithest time o' year!

THANGSGIVING SONG.

LEAFLET No. VI.

I.

At rest, the earth rejoices, Her fair fields dreaming lie,
While we, with mingled voices, Lift tuneful thanks on high,
For granaries o'erflowing With gold of summer's prime—
Thy bounteous bestowing, O Lord, at harvest time.

II.

For hearth fires brightly burning, That shine, a beacon star
To light the glad returning Of dear ones from afar,
For this last year that finds us— At home, a happy throng,
For love, that closer binds us; Hear our Thanksgiving song.

COMING.

I.

Thanksgiving day is on the way, And tho' November skies are gray,
We mind it not, for this bright spot Will make the whole month gay.

II.

Come gather all the wealth of fall, To brim the barn and deck the hall;
For those who roam will hasten home To heed Thanksgiving's call.

III.

Thanksgiving cheer is drawing near, Come, children, sing with voices clear,
Your thankful love to One above—Thanksgiving time is here!

OVER THE RIVER.

LEAFLET VI.

Over the river and through the wood to Grandfather's house we go;
The horse knows the way to carry the sleigh, Thro' the white and drifted snow.
Over the river and through the wood, How cold the wind does blow!
It stings our toes and bites our nose, As over the ground we go.

A PRAISE SONG.

LEAFLET VI.

I.

The harvest days are over, The fruits are gathered in,
The riches of earth's bounty Fill every barn and bin.

CHORUS:

To God we give our thanks,
For all earth's bounteous yield We thank Him.

II.

While other lands afar Are fierce in bloody strife,
Sweet peace in mercy settles O'er all our happy life.

CHORUS:

III.

We thank Thee for protection From war's destructive hand,
For freedom from oppression, Throughout our native land.

CHORUS:

(40)

THANKSGIVING.

LEAFLET VI.

I.

At the end of the drear November, In a setting dull and gray,
Comes a time we long remember, 'Tis our bright Thanksgiving day.
See the pumpkins turned so yellow, Ripened for Thanksgiving pies;
And the apples grown so mellow For the children's dancing eyes.

II.

And the nuts have long been keeping All their sweetness stored away,
And the popcorn has been sleeping To wake up Thanksgiving day.
All the summer has been bringing To the Autumn gifts of cheer;
And the songs that we are singing, Hold the thanks of all the year.

CHILDREN'S PRAISE.

LEAFLET VI.

I.

As the Autumn time, returning, Brings again Thanksgiving days,
We would lift our youthful voices, Singing songs of grateful praise.

II.

Praise to God, our heav'nly Father, Watching from His throne above,
Filling each day's golden measure With the golden fruits of love.

III.

Winter, Spring and Summer, passing, Each a blessing left behind,
From the bounty of our Father, To His children, ever kind.

IV.

So we praise Thee, heav'nly Father, For the ceaseless stream of good,
Flowing ever from Thy bounty In a rich unending flood.

THE FIRST THANKSGIVING.

SUPPLEMENTARY SONG SERIES No. IV.

I.

The sea is blue, the trail is brown,
When old Massasoit comes stalking down
With a hundred braves to Plymouth town,
On the first Thanksgiving day.
Through the village they wander to and fro,
Where the great brass kettles are hanging low,
And the fires in the big brick ovens glow,
On the first Thanksgiving day.

II.

The sea is blue, the day is fair,
And sav'ry odors fill the air,
Of turkey and venison, quail and hare,
On the first Thanksgiving day.
The warriors grave are eager yet shy,
For ne'er before had Indian eye
Seen a cranberry tart or a pumpkin pie,
Till the first Thanksgiving day.

III.

Beside the fort the feast is spread,
With Gov'nor Bradford at the head.
Oh, fervent the pray'r of thanksgiving he said
On the first Thanksgiving day.
Then under the shade of elm and oak,
The savages grim and Pilgrim folk
The pipe of Peace together smoke,
On the first Thanksgiving day.

CHRISTMAS SONG.

I.

The midnight sky was bright with stars, The silver moon look'd down,
And weary men had gone to rest Within the little town;
The shepherds dozed beside their flocks, Forgetting day's long care,
When angel voices broke their dreams And glory fill'd the air.

CHORUS:

"Now glory to our God on high,"
Their silver voices rang,
"And peace to men of humble heart,"
The joyous angels sang,
The angels sang, the joyous angels sang.

II.

Three wise men wand'ring o'er the waste Are guided by a light,
It is a Star that smiles on them, And leads them through the night;
It pauses o'er a stable rude, The door is just ajar,
And one small ray of feeble light Creeps out to meet the Star.

CHORUS:

"What means this light?" the Magi said,
"The Star—it standeth still,"
The shepherds in a breathless haste
Came running from the hill;
They only found—a stable dark and still.

III.

They softly push'd the door aside, Led by that tiny ray,
And found a little new-born babe Amid the fragrant hay;
His loving mother held Him close, The ox look'd from his stall,
For Him no other house hath room, The loving Friend of all.

CHORUS:

Now glory to our God on high,
Come, little children, sing,
And pray that peace may dawn on earth,
And all its blessings bring,
Hate rules no more; and Love Divine is King.

O LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM.

INTERMEDIATE.

O little town of Bethlehem, How still we see thee lie!
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep The silent stars go by;
Yet in the dark streets shineth, The everlasting Light;
The hopes and fears of all the years, Are met in thee tonight.

How silently, how silently, The wondrous gift is giv'n!
So God imparts to human hearts, The blessing of His heav'n.
No ear may hear His coming, But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive Him still, The dear Christ enters in.

O holy Child of Bethlehem, Descend to us, we pray;
Cast out our sin and enter in, Be born in us today.
We hear the Christmas angels, The great, glad tidings tell;
O come to us, abide with us, Our Lord Emmanuel.

IT CAME UPON THE MIDNIGHT CLEAR.

INTERMEDIATE.

It came upon the midnight clear, That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth, To touch their harps of gold;
"Peace to the earth, good will to men, From heav'n's all gracious King!"
The world in solemn stillness lay, To hear the angels sing!

Still thro' the cloven skies they come, With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still their heav'nly music floats, O'er all the weary world;
Above its sad and lowly plains, They bend on heav'nly wing;
And ever o'er its Babel sounds, The blessed angels sing.

And ye, beneath life's crushing load, Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way With painful steps and slow,
Look now! for glad and golden hours, Come swiftly on the wing;
O rest beside the weary road, And hear the angels sing!

For lo! the days are hast'ning on, By prophet bards foretold,
When with the ever circling years, Comes round the age of gold;
When Peace shall over all the earth, Its ancient splendors fling,
And the whole world send back the song, Which now the angels sing.

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

INTERMEDIATE.

I.

The bells of time ring out the chime Of merry, merry greeting;
And o'er the earth in joyous mirth, All hearts with love are beating.
In heaven far the blessed star Of Bethlehem shines o'er us,
And sing again, "Good will to men!" Floats from the angel chorus.

II.

The earth and air all seem to share The olden Christmas glory;
And now once more glad hearts tell o'er Christ's sweet and wondrous story.
So let us raise to Him our praise, Whose love still hovers o'er us,
And sing again, "Good will to men!" With heaven's angel chorus.

III.

Sing o'er and o'er the glory song, Once sung by angel voices;
Let all the thrilling strains prolong, Till all the earth rejoices.
Till all shall love the Manger King, And join the angel chorus;
And unto Him sweet praises bring, Whose love aye hovers o'er us.

CHRISTMAS SONG.

STANDARD COLLECTION OF SCHOOL SONGS.

I.

Oh, holy night, the stars are brightly shining;
It is the night of our dear Savior's birth.
Long lay the world in sin and error pining,
Till He appeared and the soul felt His worth.
A thrill of hope the weary world rejoices,
For yonder breaks a new and glorious morn.

CHORUS :

Fall on your knees!
O hear the angel voices!
O night divine,
O night when Christ was born.
O night, O holy night,
O night divine.

II.

Truly He taught us to love one another,
His law is love and His gospel is peace;
Chains shall He break, for the slave is our brother
And in His name all oppression shall cease.
Sweet hymns of joy in grateful chorus we sing,
Let all within us praise His holy name.

HARK! THE BELLS.

LEAFLET No. II.

I.

Hark! the bells, the bells of Christmas sound far across the sea,
Ringing o'er the frosty ground, Making dulcet melody;
O'er the frosty ground, making melody.
Soft and low, still they go, Swinging, ringing, to and fro.

II.

Hark! the winds, the winds across the mold, Shrieking keen and shrill,
Bearing sounds from regions cold, Sounds from o'er the vale and hill;
Bearing sounds from regions cold, o'er vale and hill.
Fierce they blow, as they go, Swirling, whirling, 'mid the snow.

III.

Hark! the bells, the joyous bells again, In the distance chime,
Heard above the wind and rain, Hear the bells of Christmas time;
Heard above the wind, Sweet bells of Christmas time.
Soft and low! still they go, Swinging, ringing, to and fro.

HOLY NIGHT.

SONGS OF SCHOOL AND FLAG, p. 78.

I.

Silent night, holy night,
All is calm, all is bright
'Round you, Virgin Mother and Child,
Holy Infant so tender and mild,
Sleep in heavenly peace,
Sleep in heavenly peace.

II.

Silent night, holy night,
Shepherds quake at the sight,
Glories stream from heaven afar,
Heavenly hosts sing Alleluia;
Christ, the Saviour, is born!
Christ, the Saviour, is born!

III.

Silent night, holy night,
Son of God, love's pure light
Radiant beams from Thy holy face,
With the dawn of redeeming grace,
Jesus, Lord, at Thy birth!
Jesus, Lord, at Thy birth!

CHRISTMAS BELLS.

LEAFLET No. I.

Ring the bells, the Christmas bells, Chime out the wondrous story;
First in song on angel tongues, It came from realm of glory;
Peace on earth, good will to men, Angelic voices ringing,
Christ the Lord to earth has come, His glorious message bringing;
Ring the merry, merry bells, Chime the wondrous story,
Glory be to God on high, Forever more be glory.

Wise men hastened from the East, To bring their richest treasures,
Gold and myrrh and frankincense, And jewels without measure.
Him they sought although as King, They found in birthplace lowly;
There within a manger lay The Babe so pure and holy.
Ring the merry, merry bells, Chime the wondrous story,
Glory be to God on high, Forever more be glory.

HARK! THE HERALD ANGELS SING.

INTERMEDIATE.

I.

Hark! the herald angels sing, Glory to the newborn King!
Peace on earth and mercy mild, God and sinners reconciled;
Joyful, all ye nations rise, Join the triumph of the skies;
With angelic host proclaim, Christ is born in Bethlehem.

II.

Christ, by highest heav'n adored; Christ, the everlasting Lord;
Late in time behold Him come, Offspring of the favored One.
Veiled in flesh, the Godhead see; Hail th' incarnate Deity.
Pleased, as man with men to dwell, Jesus, our Immanuel!

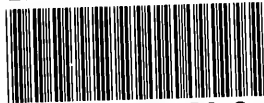
III.

Hail the heav'n born Prince of Peace, Hail the Son of Righteousness!
Light and life to all He brings, Ris'n with healing in His wings;
Mild He lays His glory by, Born that man no more can die;
Born to raise the sons of earth, Born to give them second birth.

O



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 017 189 524 8 ●

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 017 189 524 8 ●